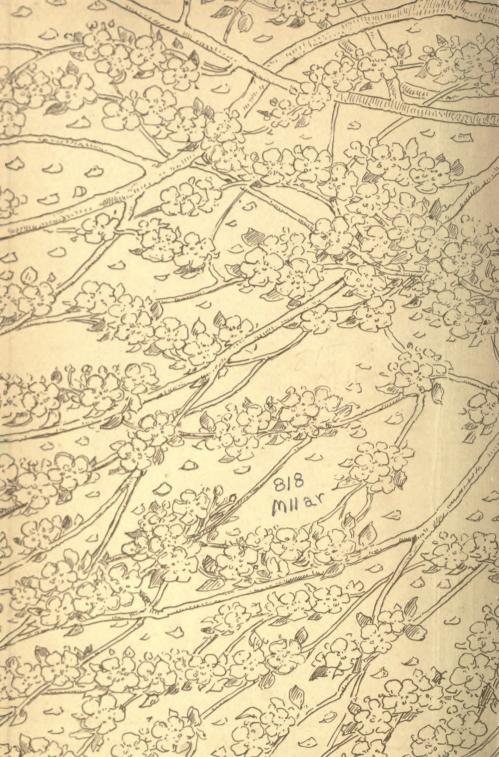
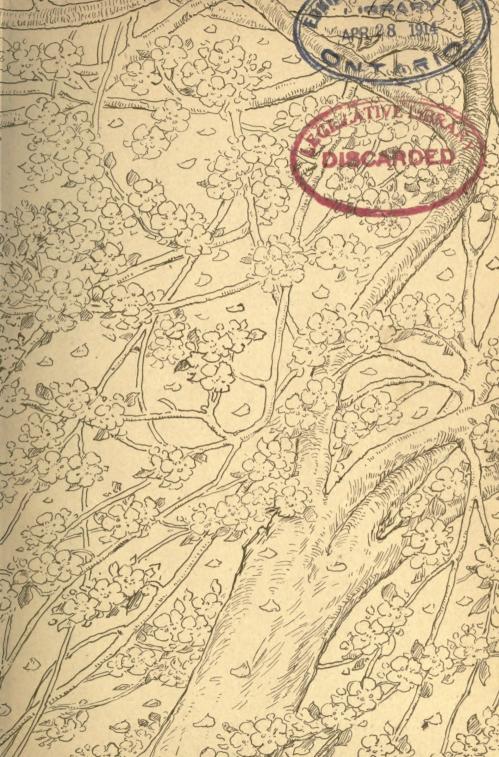
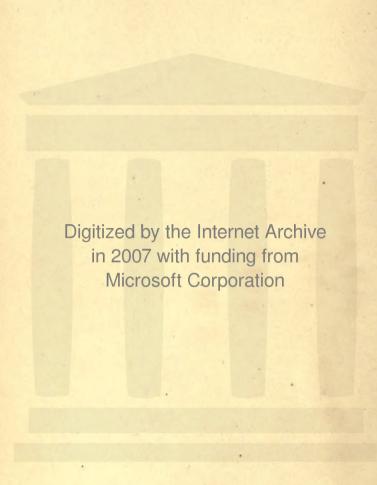
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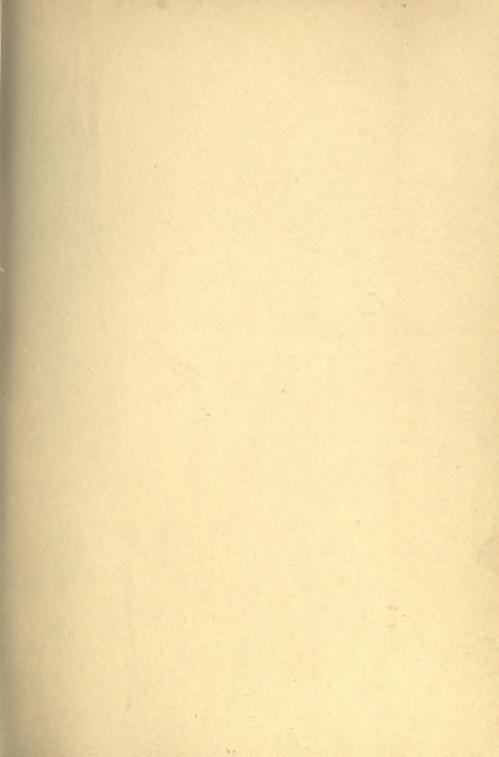
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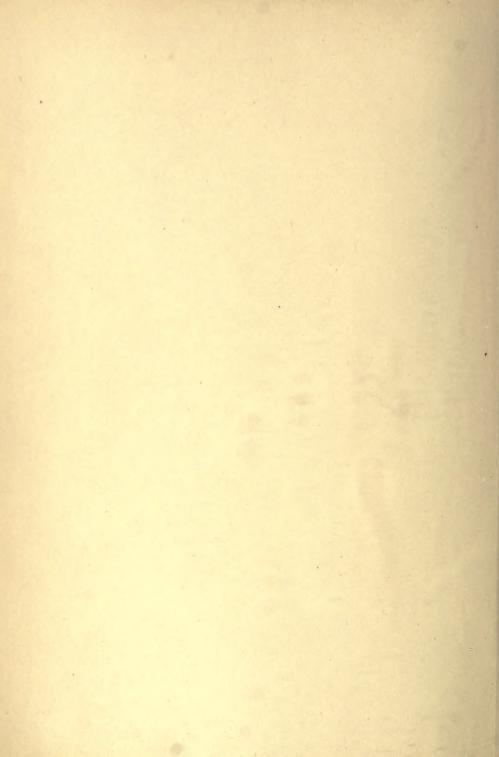
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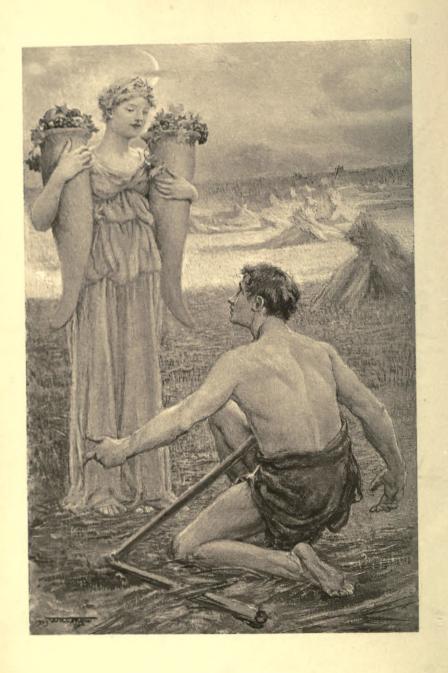
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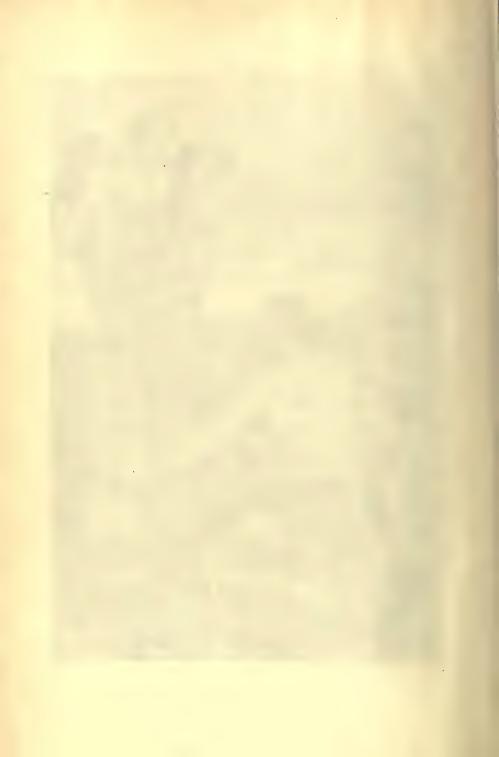
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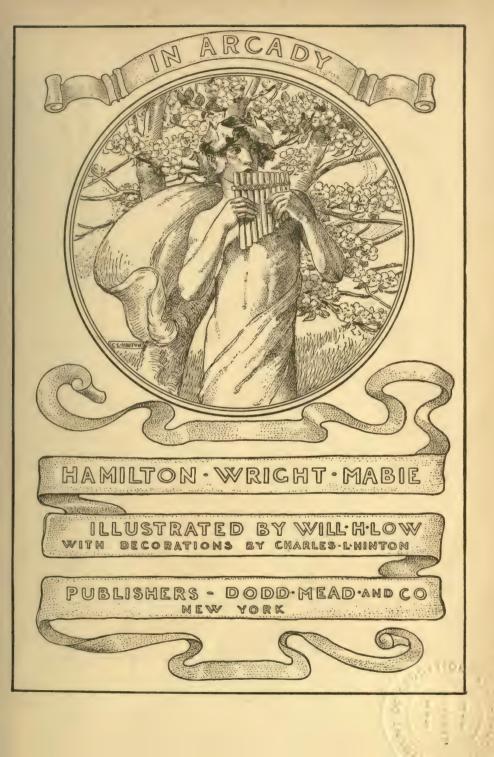
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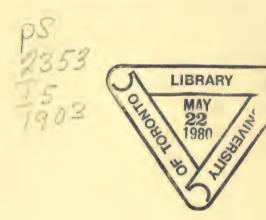
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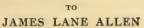


















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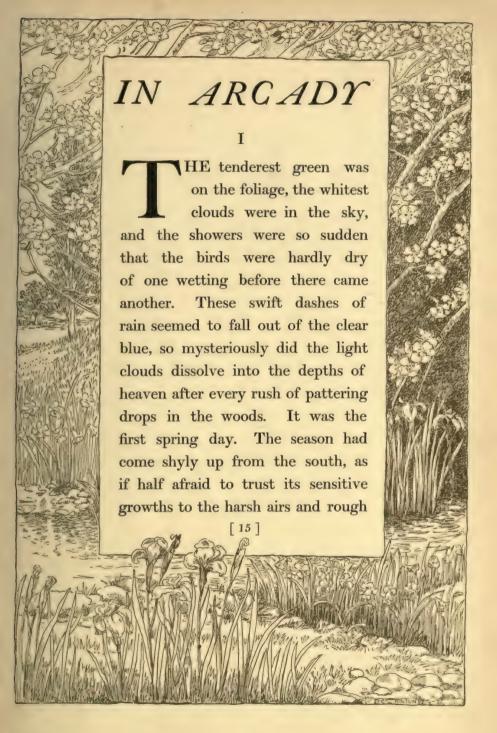


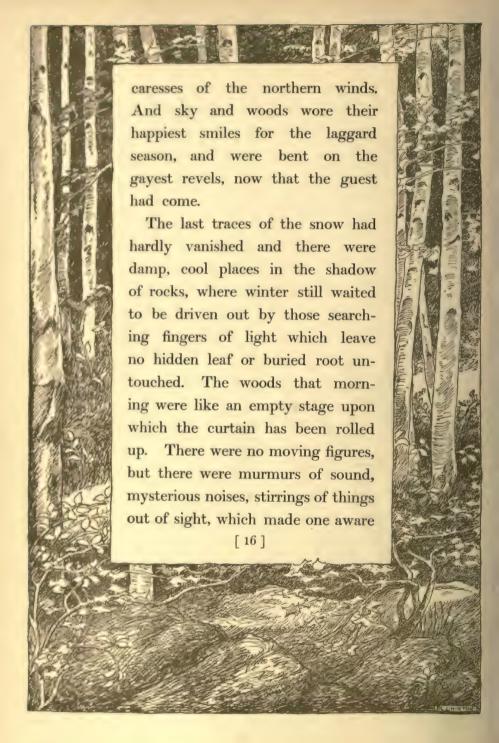


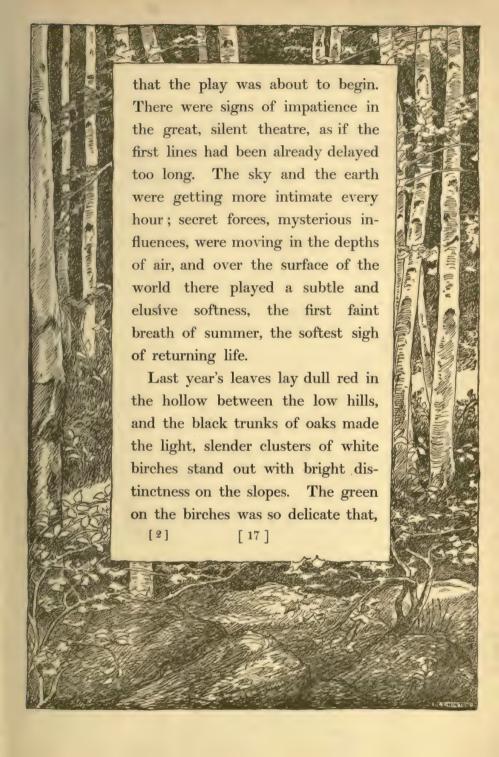
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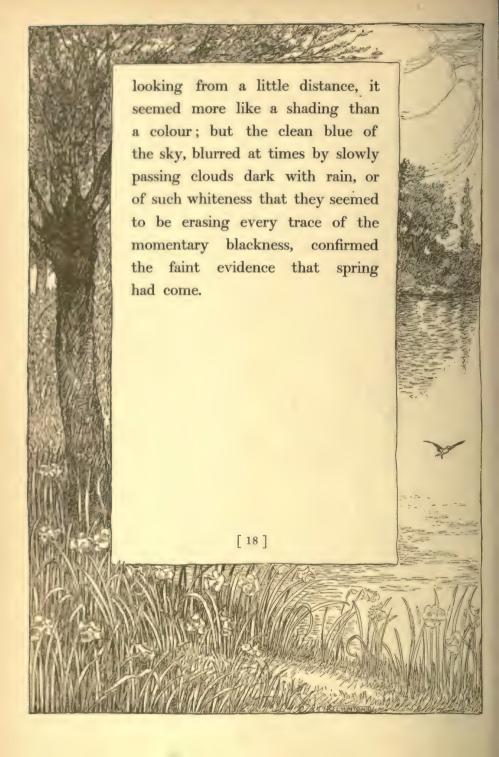
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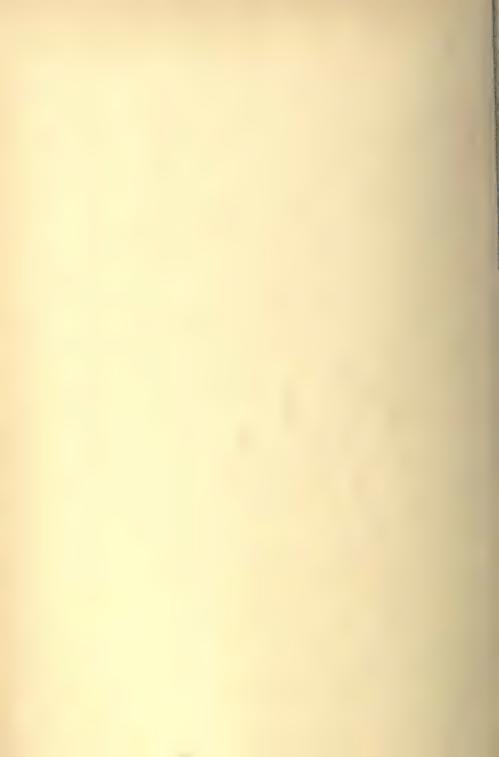












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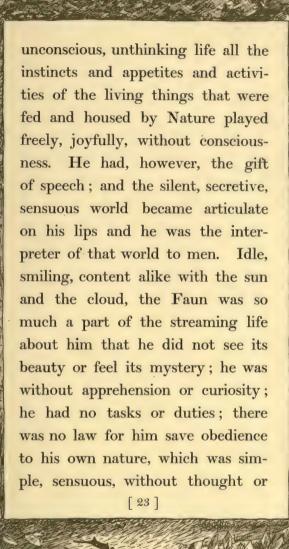
O, at least, thought the Faun, sitting at ease with his back against an oak, his pipe in his hand and his eye wandering curiously through the open spaces of the wood. So entirely at home was he that solitude or society was alike to him, and the speech of men or of animals equally plain. There were hints of wildness about him: for he was brother to the folk in fur and feather that lived in the wood, although the light in his eye and the pipe in his hand showed that he had travelled far from the old instincts without having lost them. There were hints of human fellowship in his air of seeing the

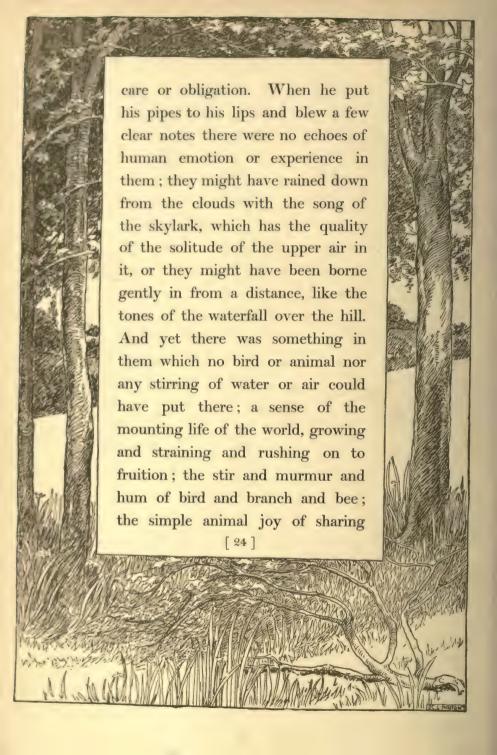
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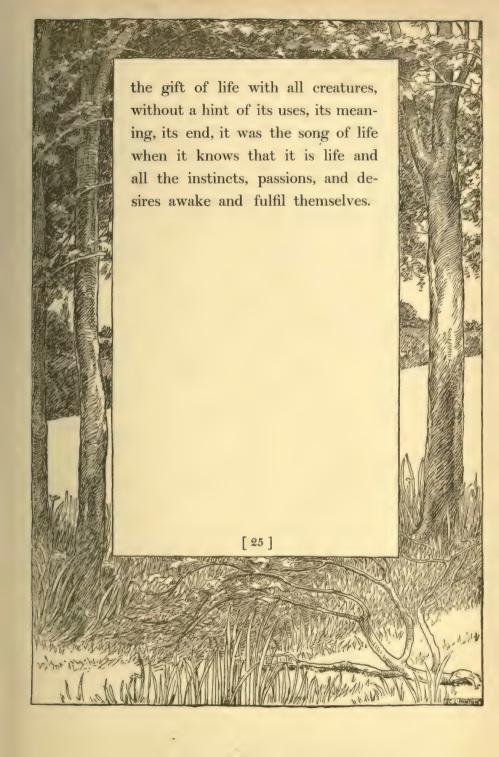
world as well as being a part of it; although the absence of all thought about himself, all questioning of the sky and earth, made one aware that if he held converse with men he talked also with the creatures that slept in the fields and hid in the woods.

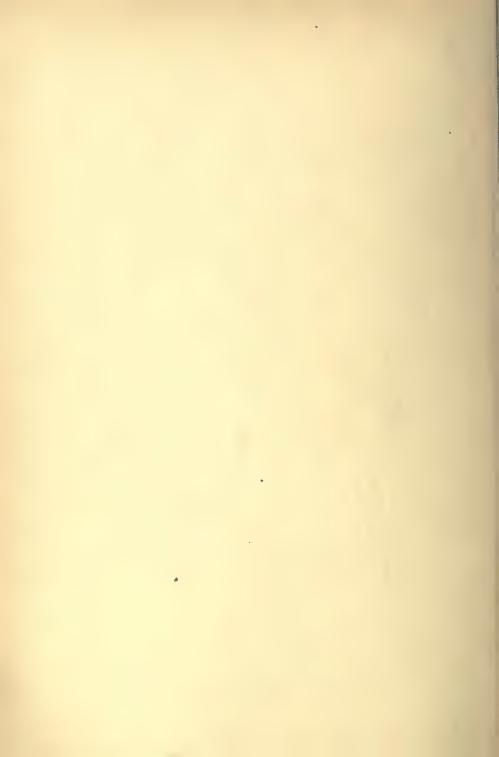
He was stretched at ease in a world about which he had never taken thought, being born into it after the manner of the creatures that live in free and joyous use of the things of Nature without any thought of Nature herself. In him, however, the instinctive joy in life had become articulate; he spake for the strange and wild instincts of his kind, although he could not speak of them. In his careless,

[ 22 ]



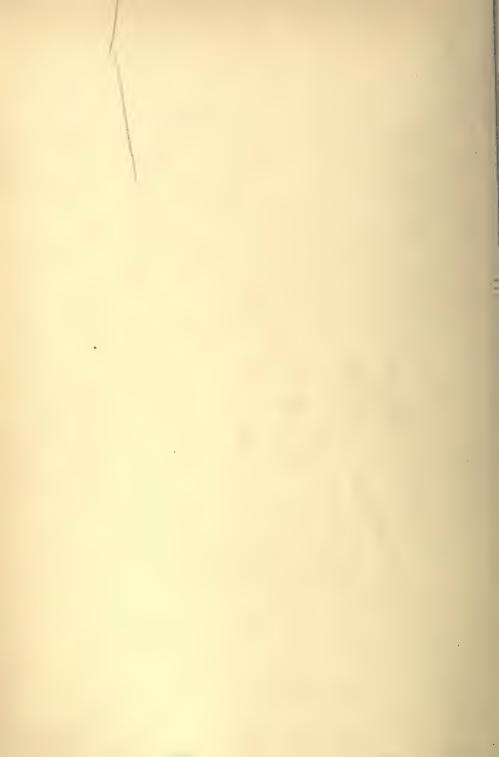






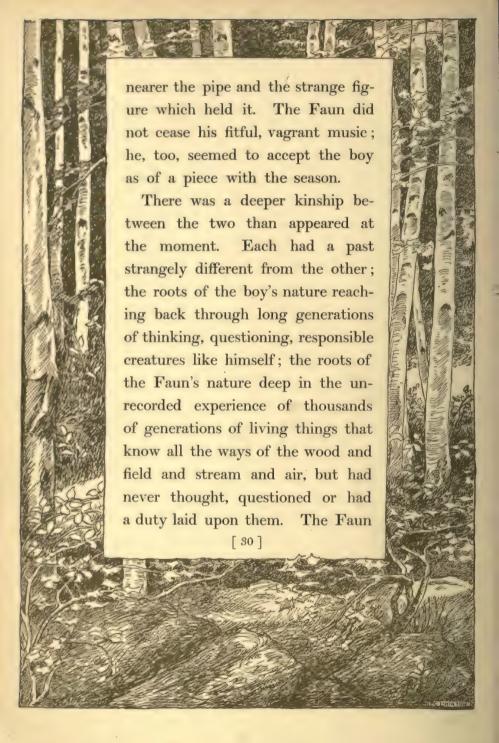


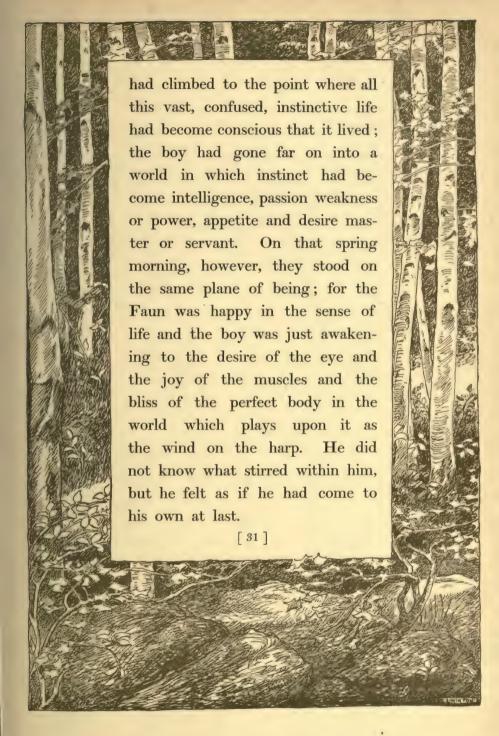
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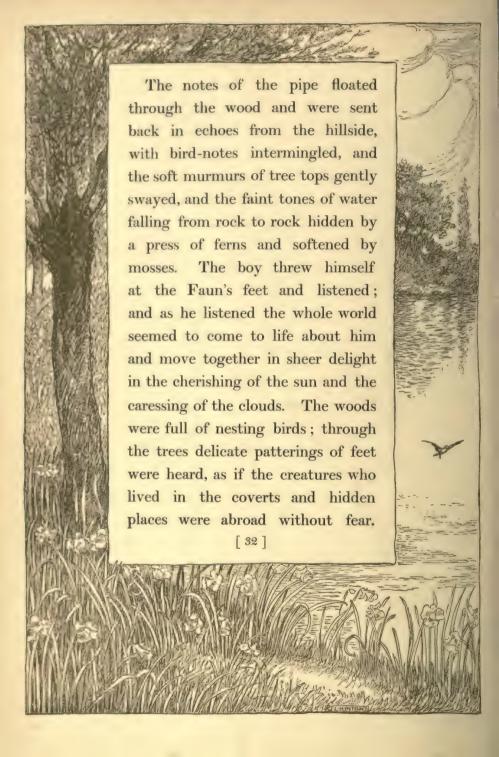


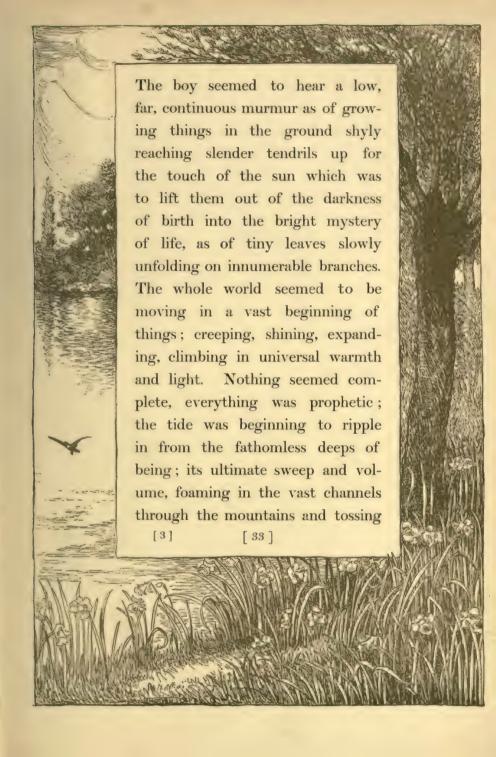


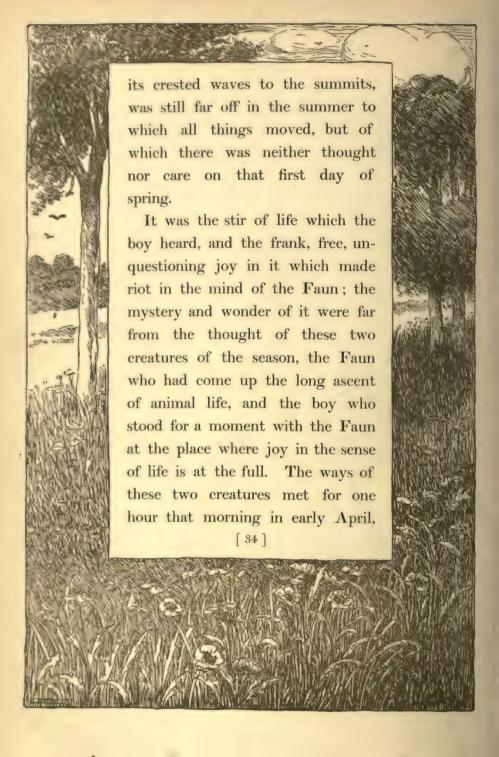
HESE notes, clear, solitary, penetrating, came like an invitation to the boy who had entered the wood without thought or care or desire, save to feel the warmth of the sun and to take what the day offered him. He had never heard such sounds before, but they seemed so much a part of the place and the time that he accepted them as if they were human speech. The Faun himself, visible now through the light growth of the birch trees, brought no surprise; he, too, belonged to the hour and the scene. Instead of shyness a sense of fellowship grew on the boy as he came

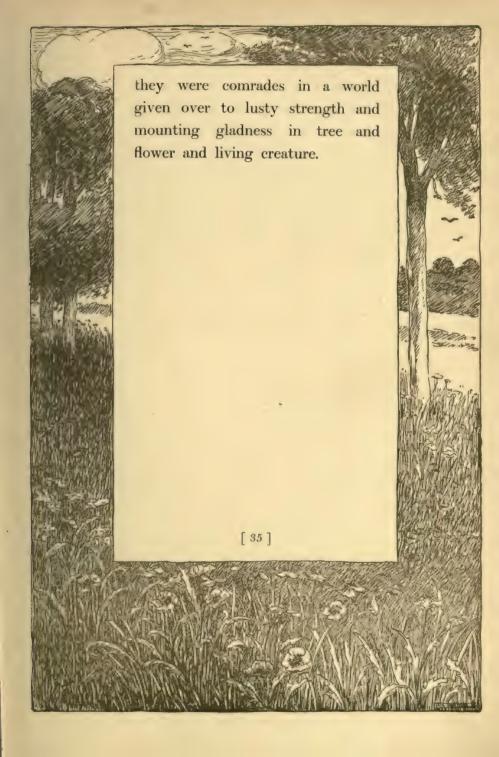
















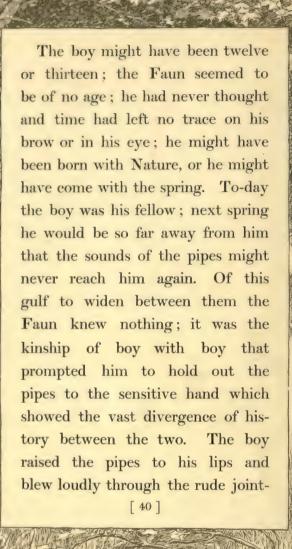
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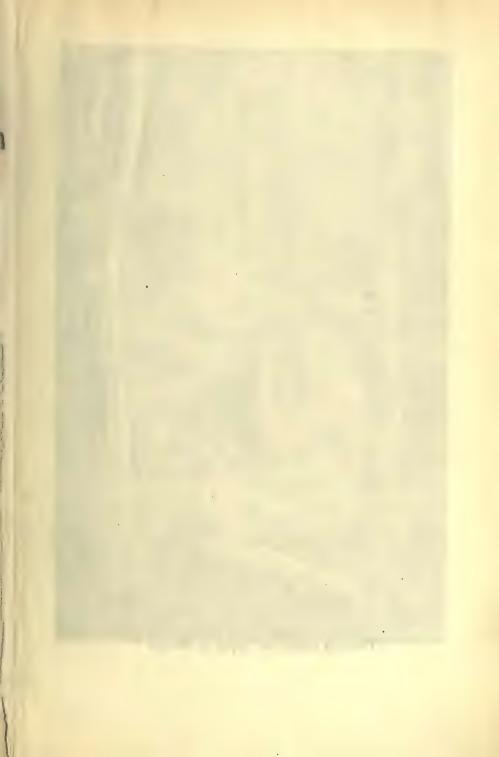


IV

O the merry piping of the Faun the boy laughed gleefully; here was the wild playmate who could take him deeper into the woods than he had ever ventured and show him the shy creatures who were always eluding his eager search. And the Faun, who was nearer his brothers of the wood than his brothers of the thatched roof and the vine trained against the wall, saw in the boy a fellow of his own mind; to whom the wind was a challenge to kindred fleetness and the notes of the birds floating down the mountain side invitations to adventure and action.

[ 39 ]

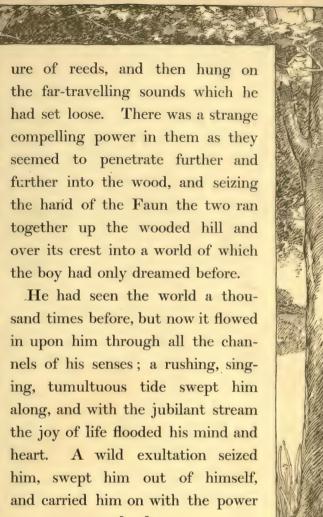


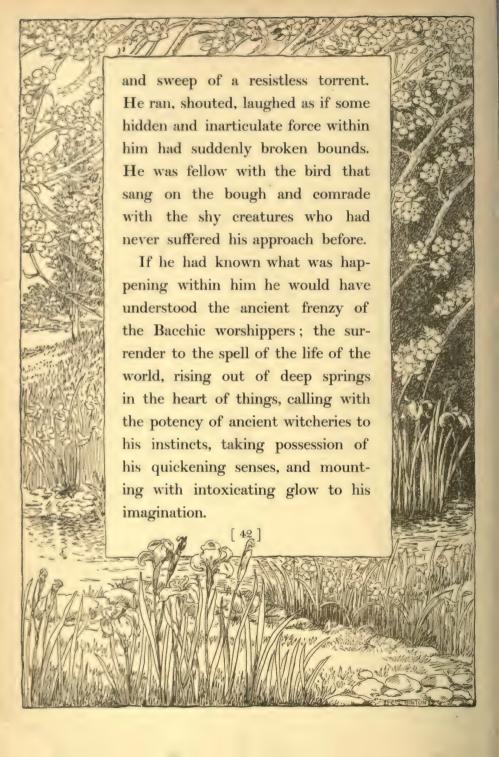


"The boy raised the pipes to his lips"





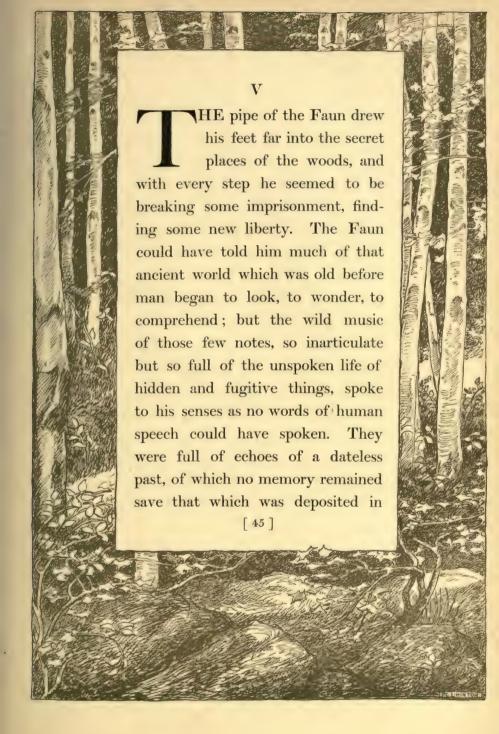


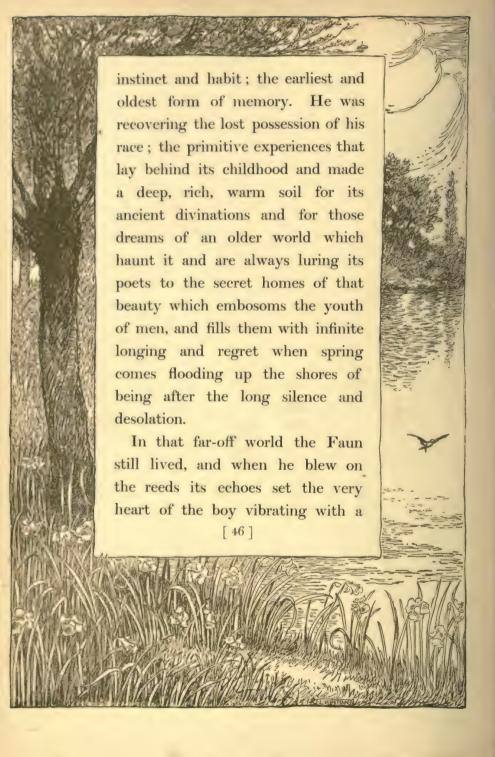


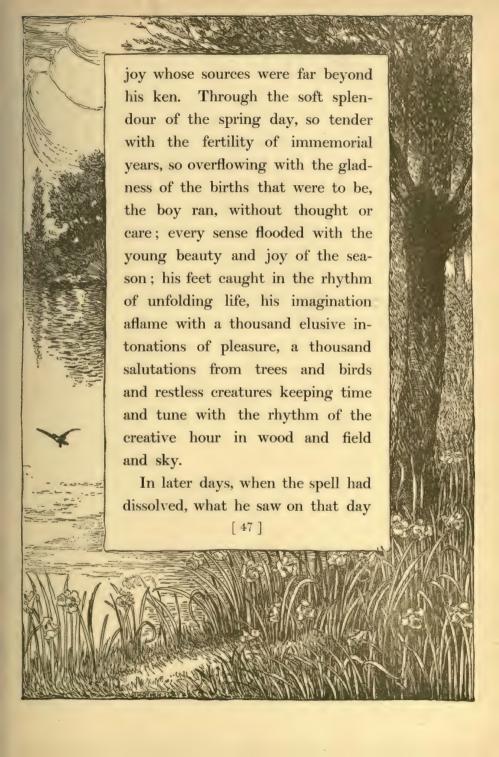


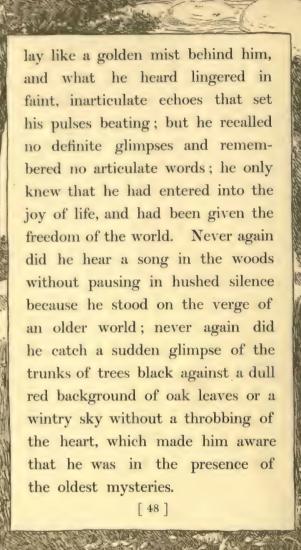
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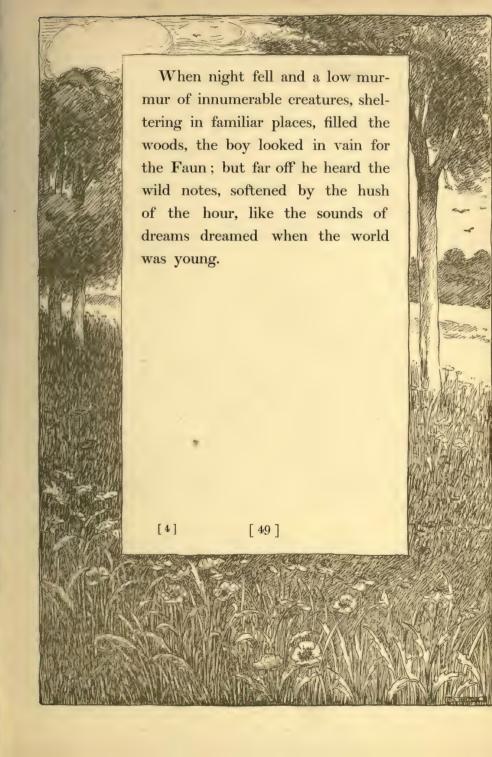


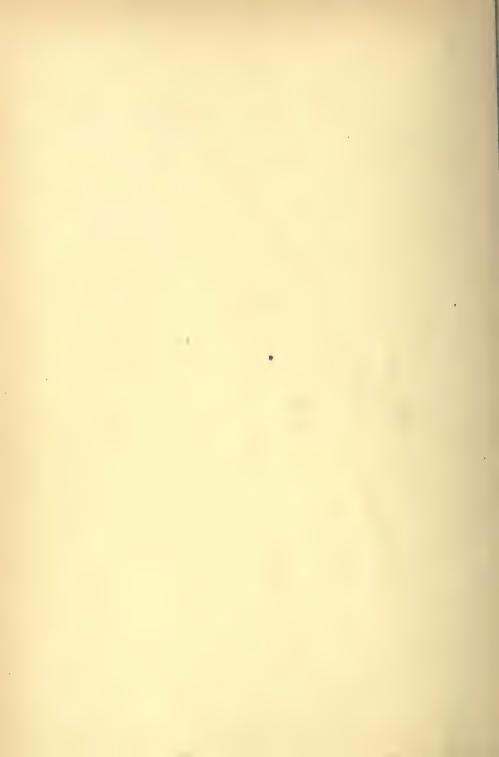


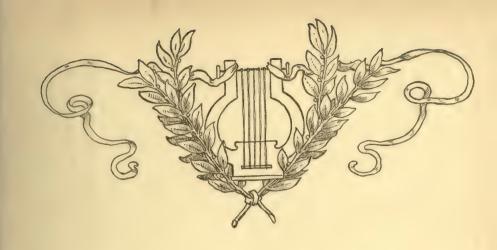






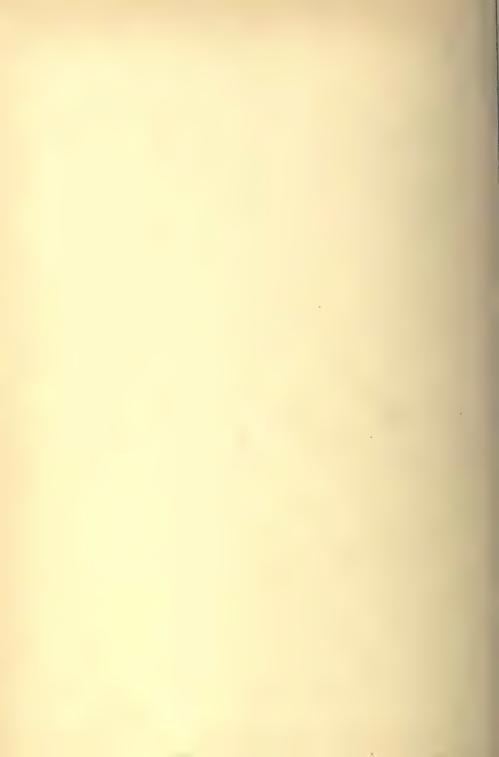






## THE LYRE OF APOLLO

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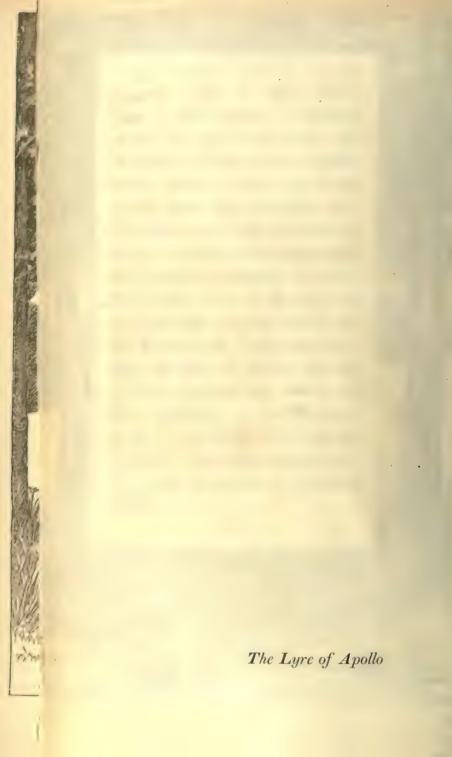


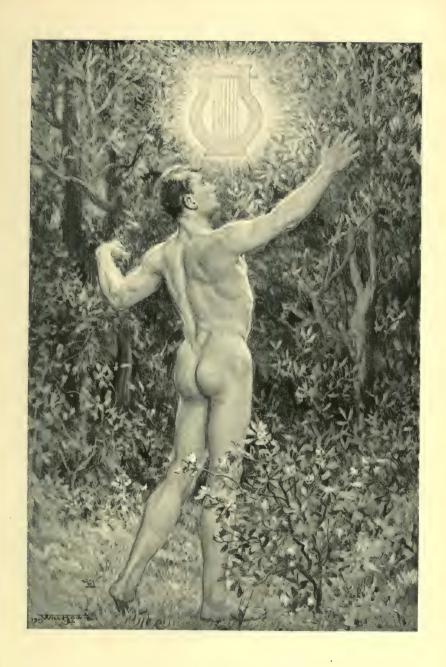
T was mid-June and the world was in flower. The delicate promise of April, when the pipes of the Faun echoed in the depths of woods faintly touched with the tenderest green, was fulfilled in a mass and ripeness of foliage which had parted with none of its freshness, but had become like a sea of moving and whispering greenness. The delicious heat of the early summer evoked a vagrant and elusive fragrance from the young grasses starred with flowers. The morning songs, which made the break of day throb with an ecstasy of melody, were caught up again and again through the

[ 53 ]

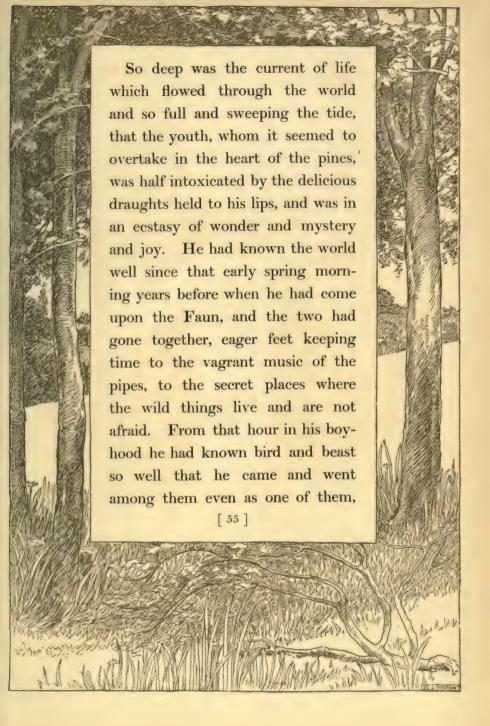
long, tranquil hours by careless singers, happy in some hidden place in the meadows or sheltered within the edges of the wood; and with these sudden bursts of hidden music, there came the cool breath of the dawn into the sultry noon. The world was folded in a dream of heat; not arid, blasting, palpitating; but caressing, vitalising, liberating. The earth, loved of the sun, was no longer coy and half afraid; she had given herself wholly, and in the glad surrender the beauty that lay hidden in her heart had clothed her like a garment. In the fulfilment of her life a sudden bliss had dissolved her passionless coldness into the life-giving warmth of universal fertility. [54]

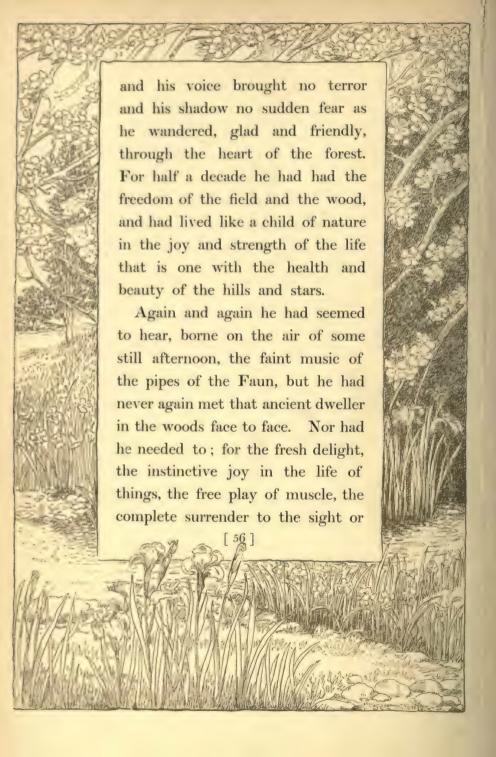


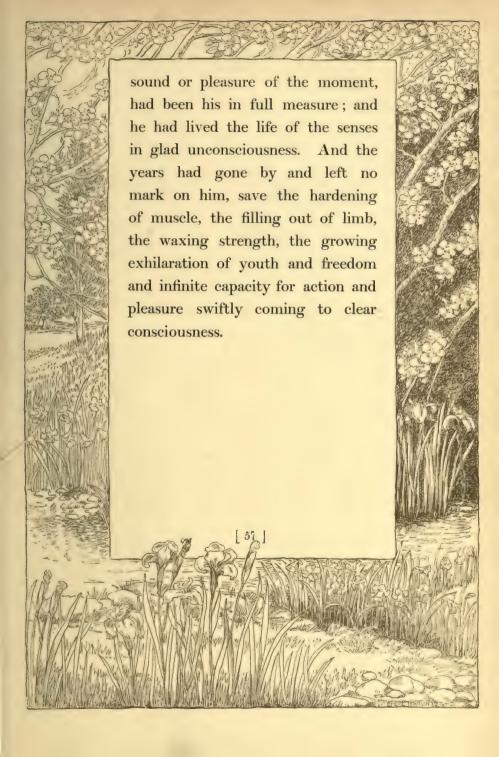




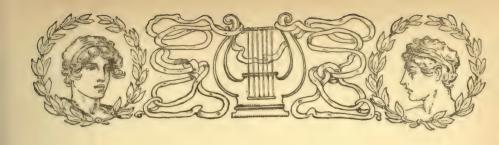






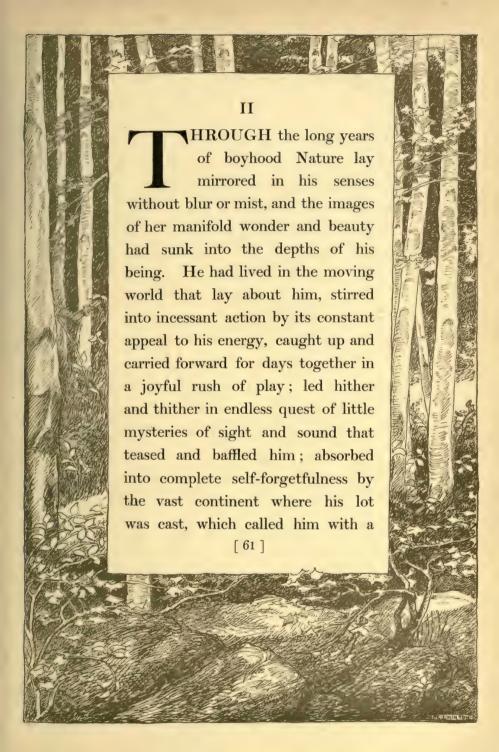


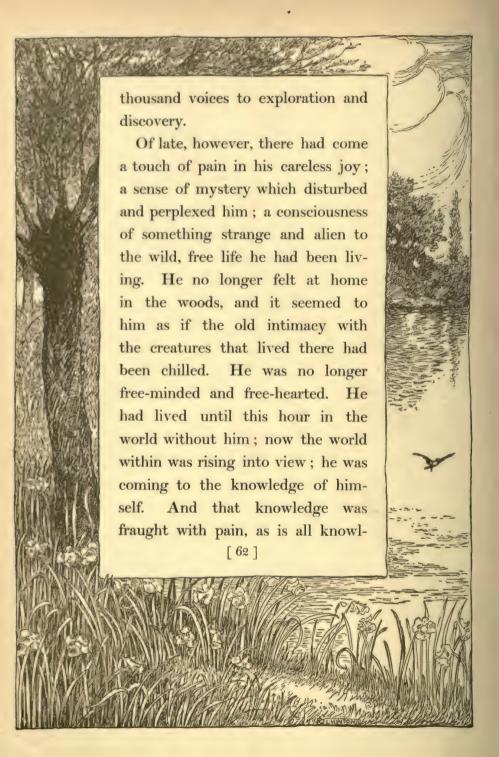


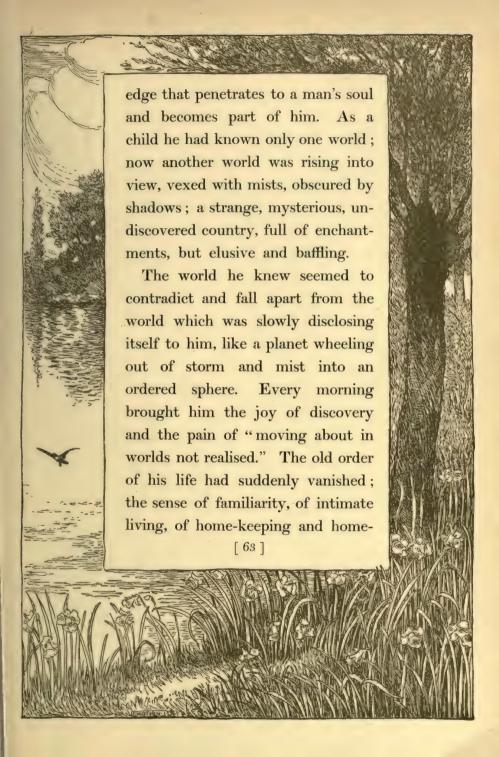


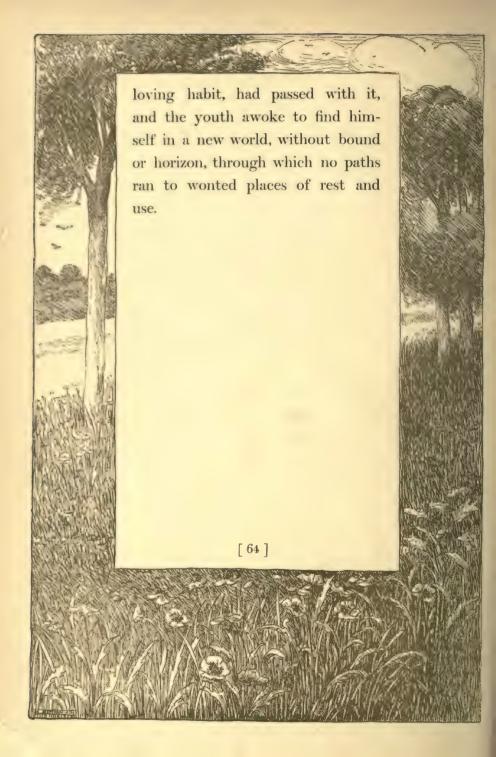
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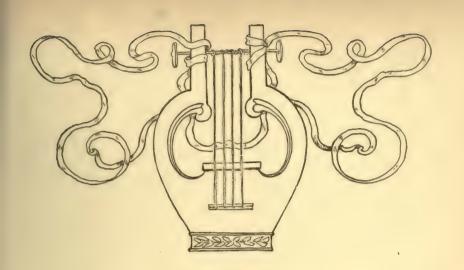




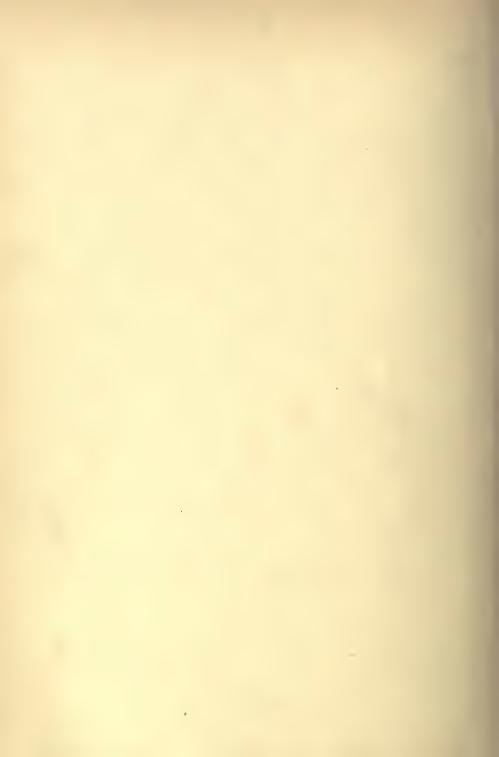








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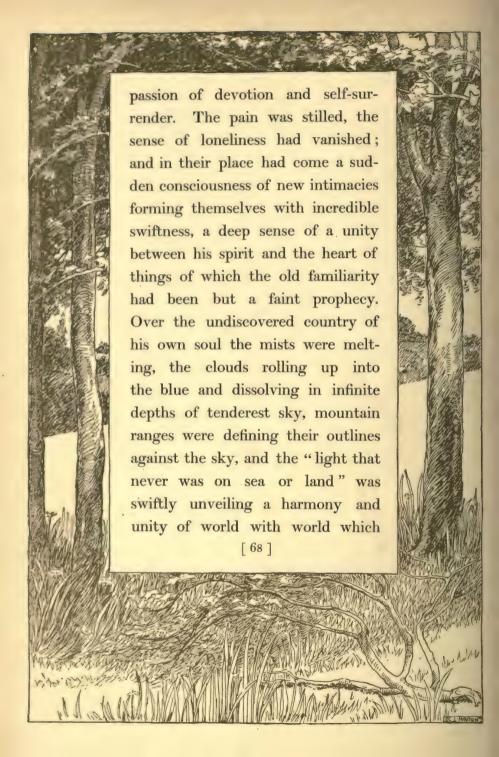


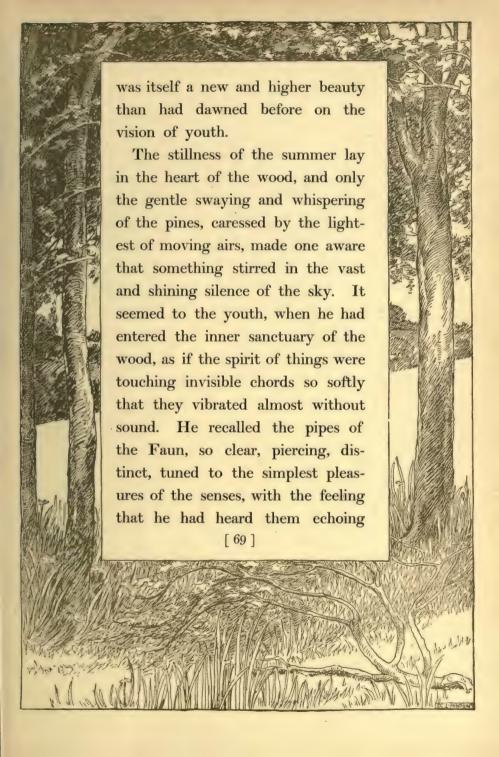


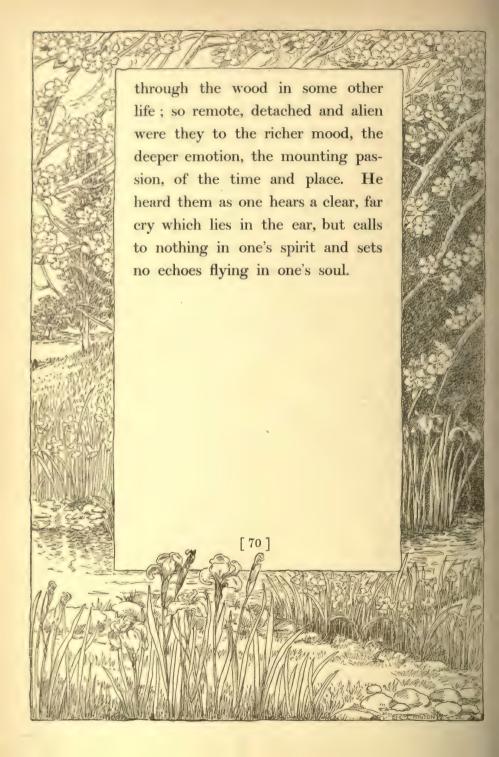
N such a mood, exhilarated and depressed, full of mounting life, but with the touch of pain on his spirit, the youth had found the murmur of the pines soothing and restful; like a cool hand laid on a hot forehead. Again and again, in these confused and perplexing months, he had fled to their silence and shade as to a retreat in the heart of old and dear things.

As he came across the fields on this radiant morning all the springs of joy were once more rising in him; the young summer touched him through every sense, and his soul rushed out to meet her in a

[67]

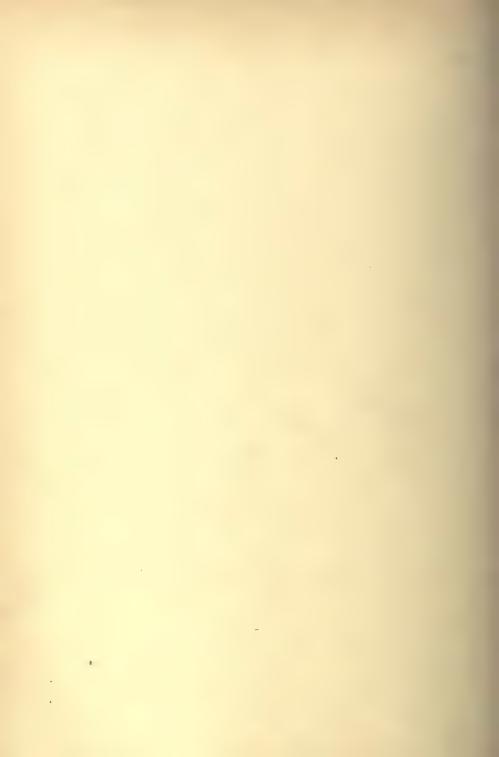


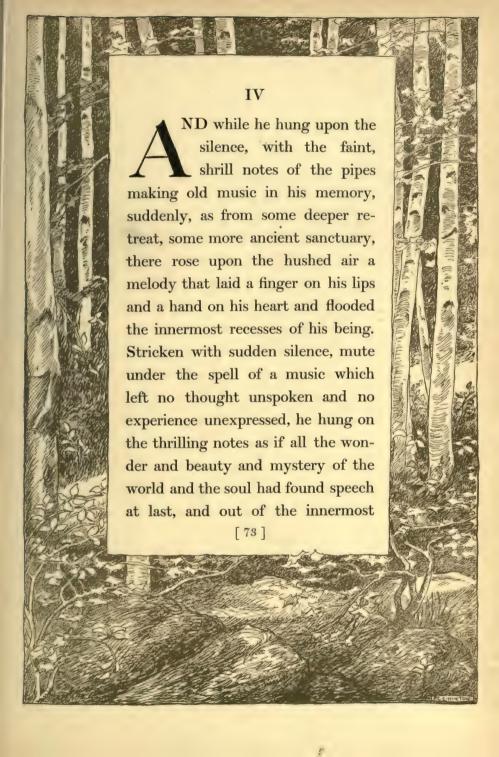


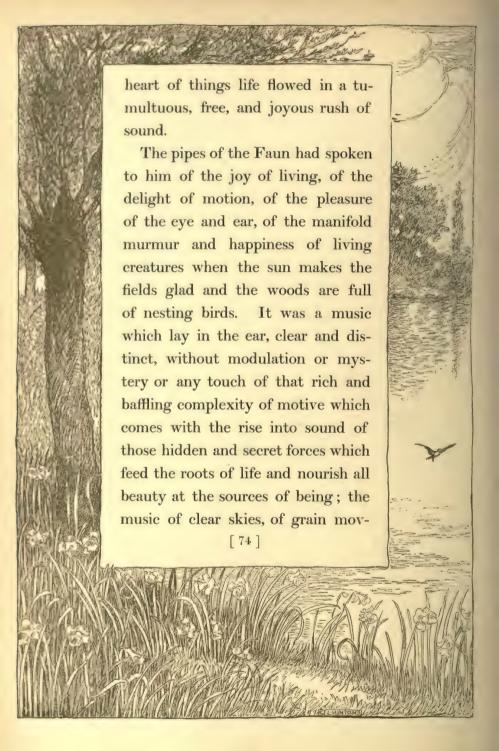


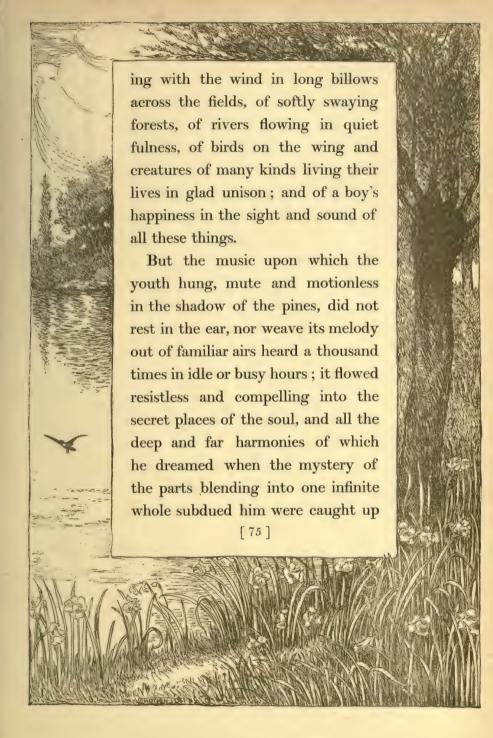


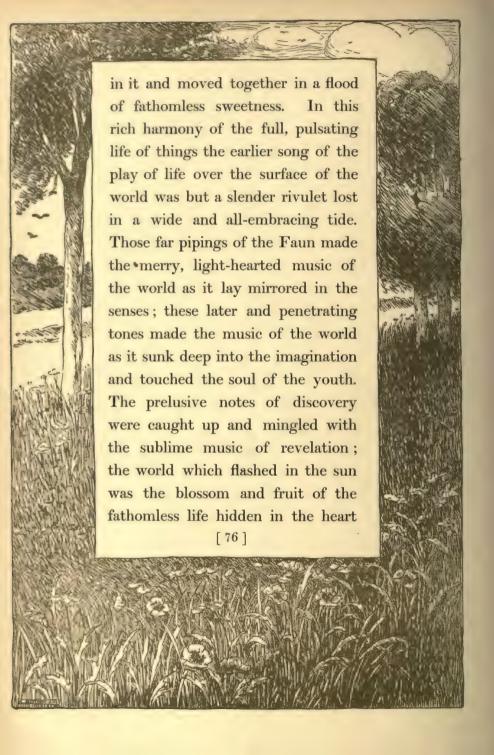
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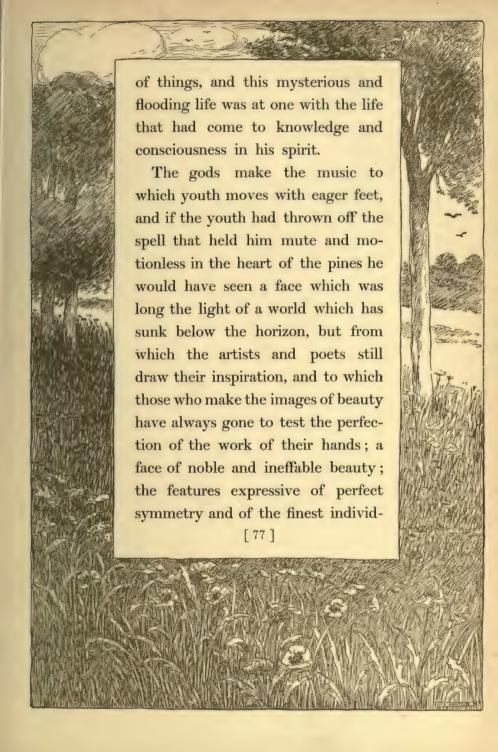


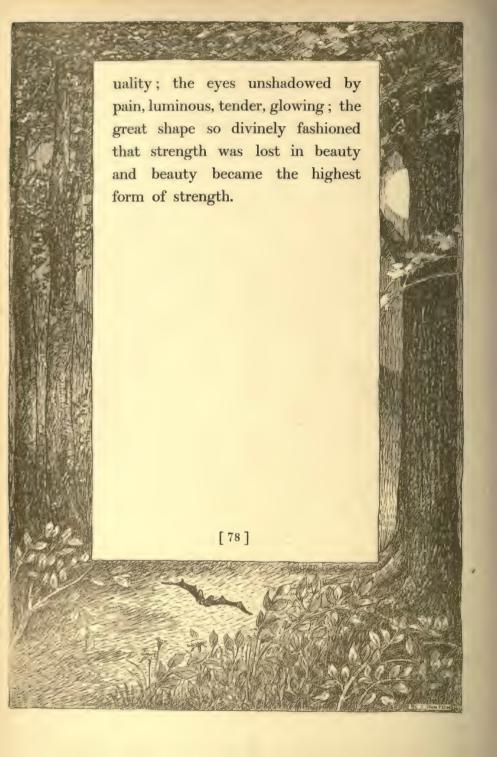






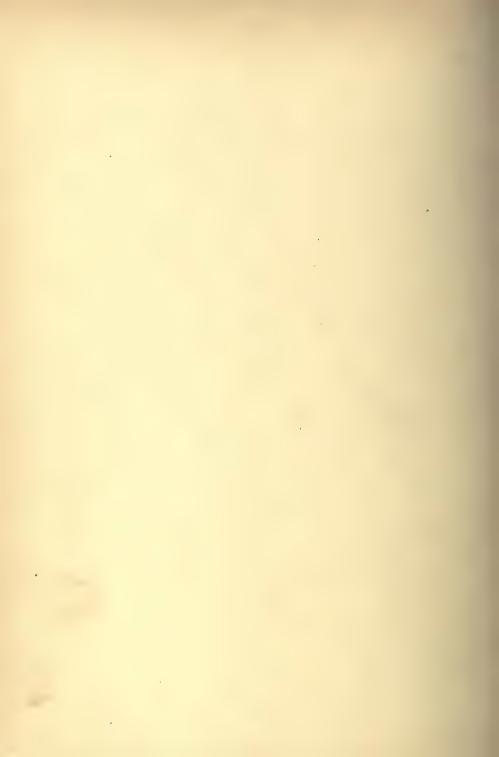








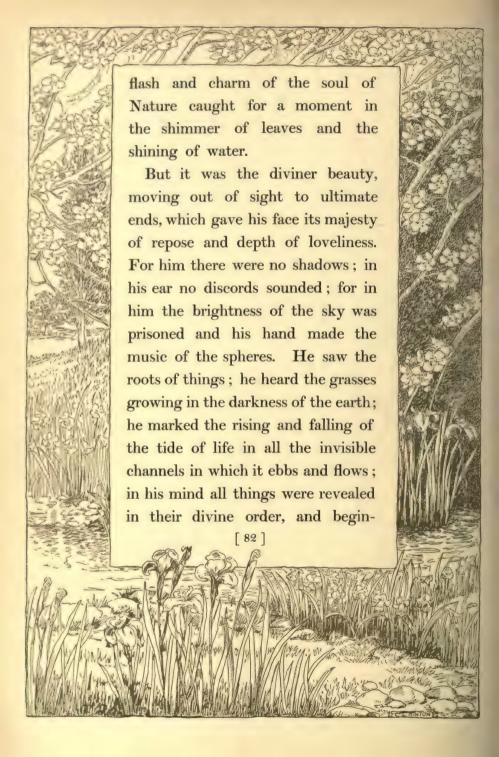
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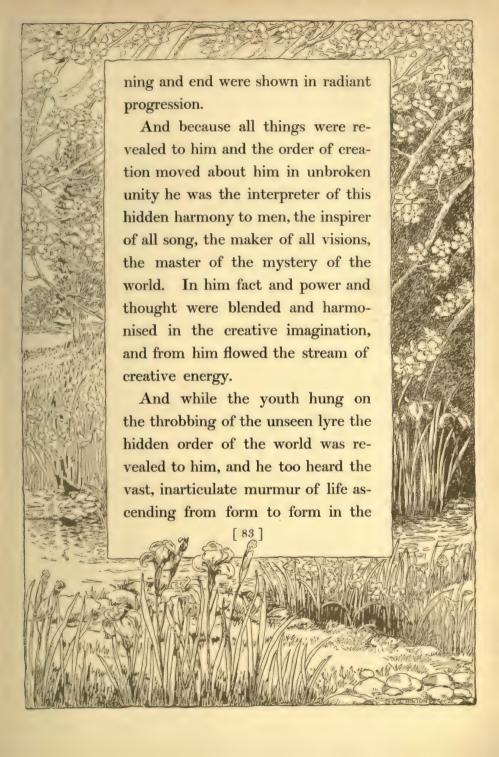


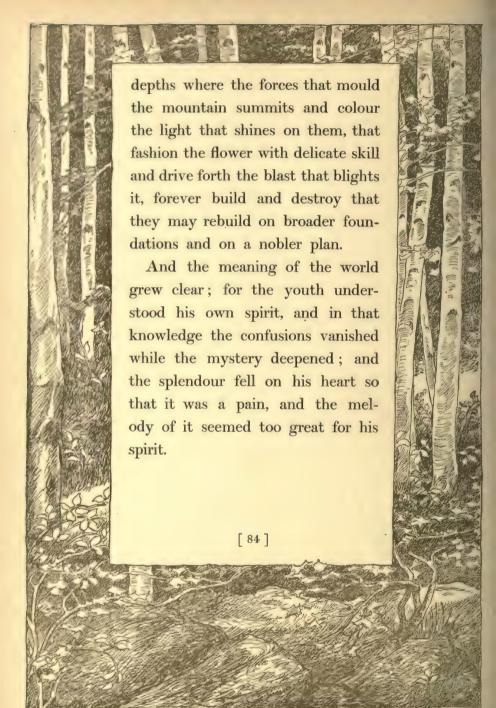


LONG way the god had come and manifold had been his wanderings; but wherever he went the music of high heaven went with him. When he watched the herds in shepherd's guise, the sound of the strings touched by his hand had not only led the flocks, docile and happy, but so filled them with life that they had grown as flocks had never grown before. Healer and protector, bringer of light and health, the splendour of his face was the poetry of the world, the glance of his eye its prophecy, the trembling of the strings at his touch its music. He was the master of all living things and of the

[6] [81]









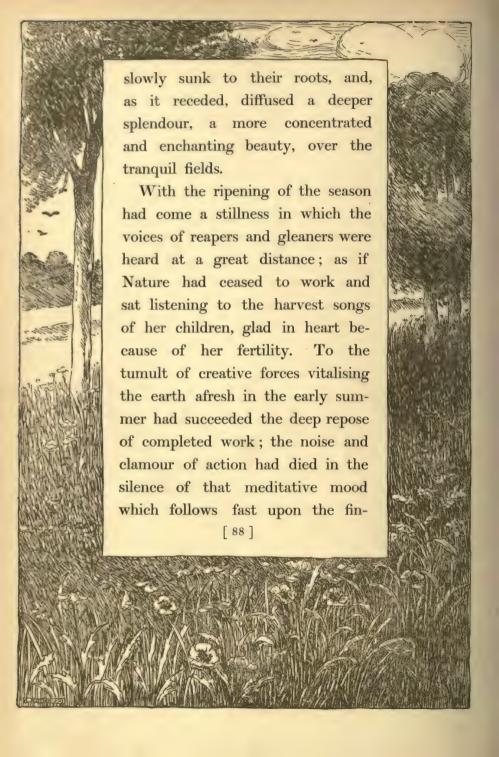
## THE SICKLE OF DEMETER

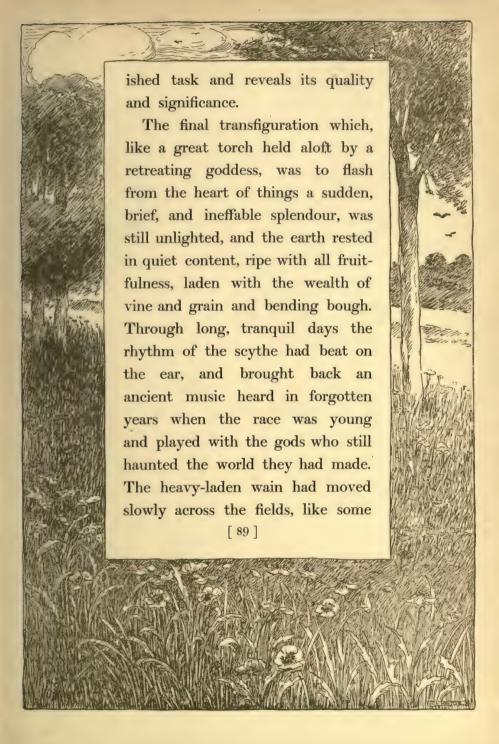
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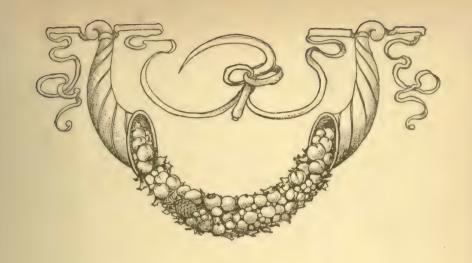
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N the great, open world of farspreading fields there was a sense of repose. The tide which had fertilised all things that grow and bloom and bear fruit was beginning to ebb, though there was no sign of vanishing beauty on the face of the landscape. In the riot of midsummer, when the lust of life sometimes rose to a kind of Bacchic fury of delight, there had been no richer bloom of beauty on the surface of Nature than that which lay, half seen and half remembered, on the fields in the ripe autumn afternoon. The rich loveliness that had once spread itself like a soft veil over all things had

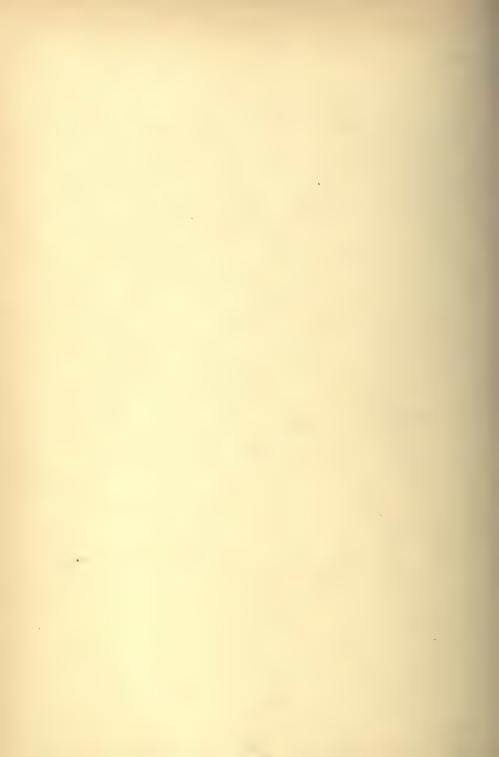




rude barge overweighted with an opulent cargo, and awkwardly drifting through the long afternoons to its anchorage beside the great, empty barns. A steady heat, not blinding and consuming, but pervasive and penetrating, evoked the sweetness of ripened grain, and mellow fruits seemed to distil and express their sweetness in the air. The fragrance of fruitage, so much richer than that of the budding time, filled the world and made the heart glad with the sense of fulfilment and possession.

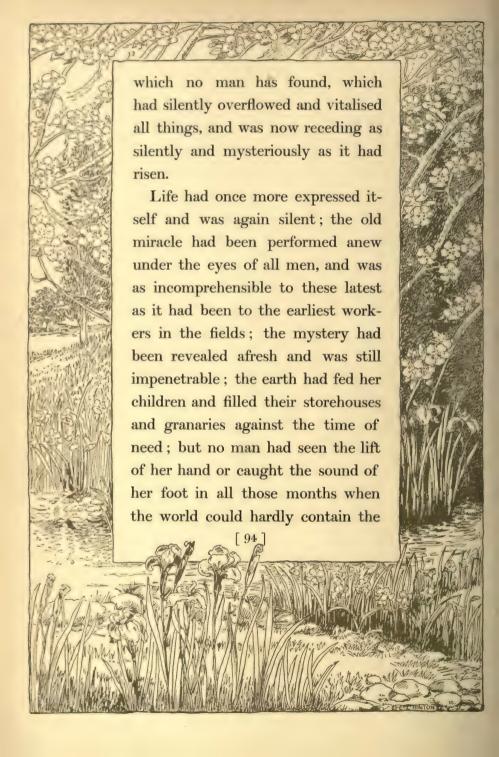


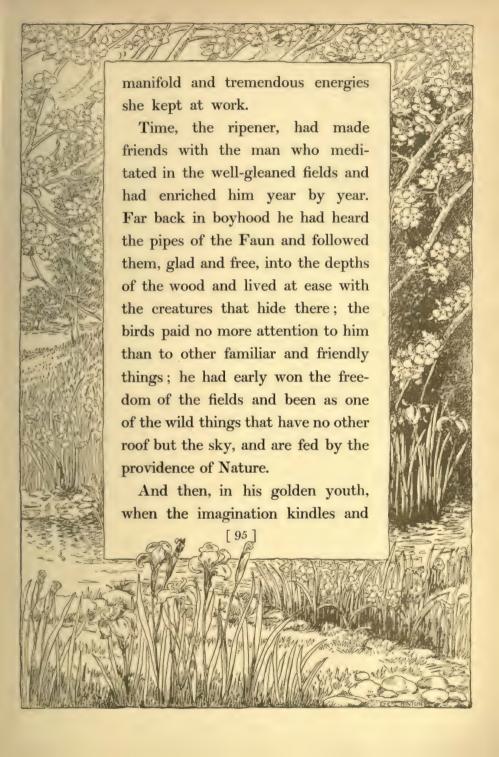
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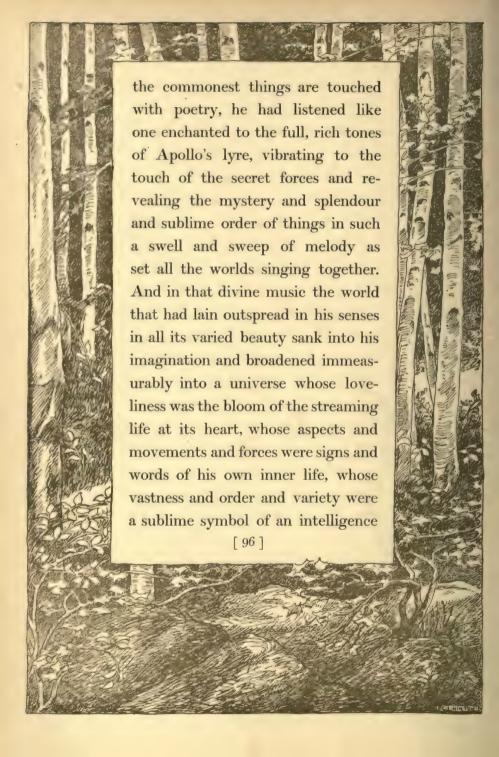


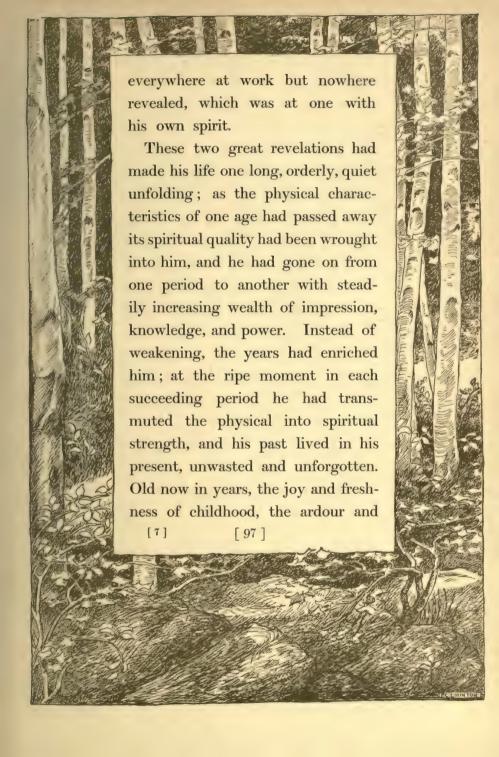
O the man who came slowly across the fields the whole world smelled of the ripened summer; of all the rich juices which had mounted out of the soul in a million million spears and stalks and blades and stems; of all the potencies of form and colour and odour, hidden in the darkness, that had escaped to take shape in innumerable grasses, flowers, and shrubs with a skill surpassing the thought of man, and had breathed into them a sweetness deep as the fathomless purity of Nature; of the mysterious fountain of life at the heart of things, which so many men have sought but

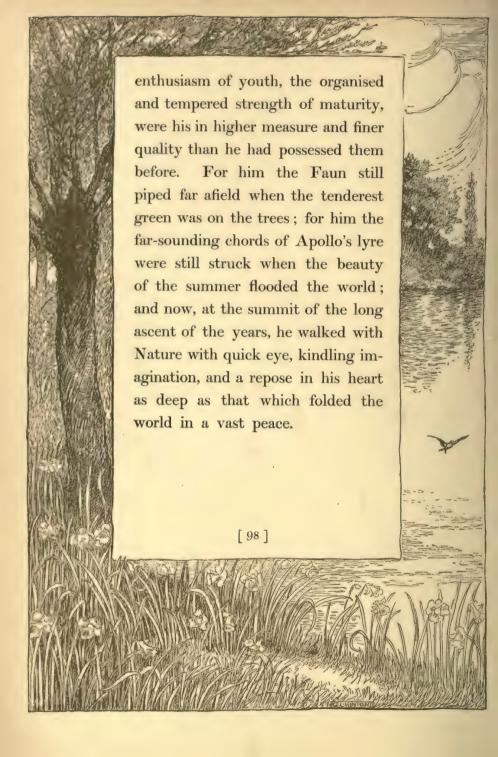
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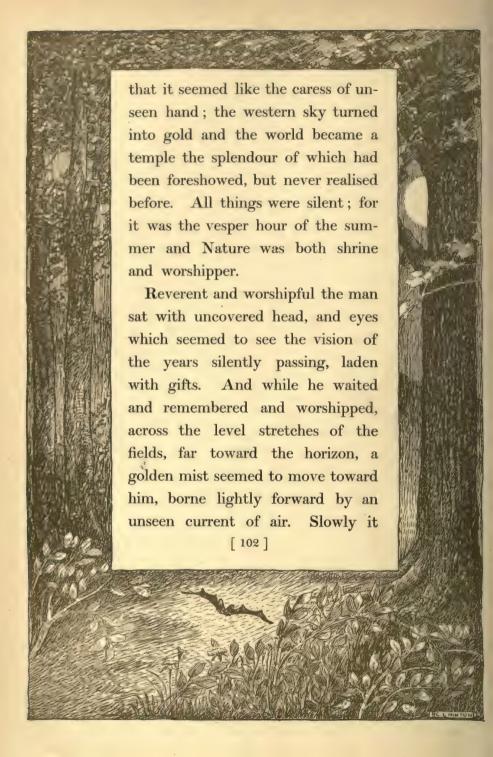
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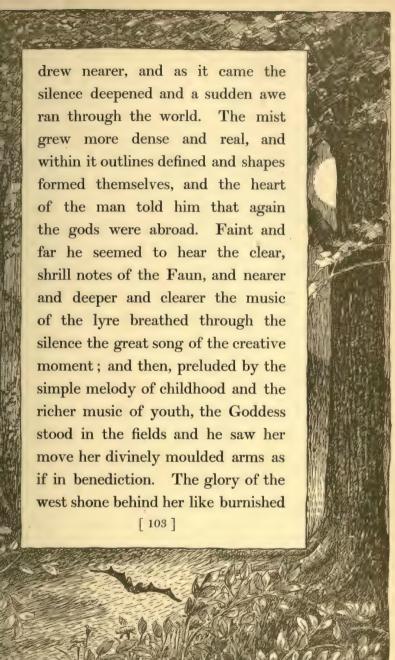


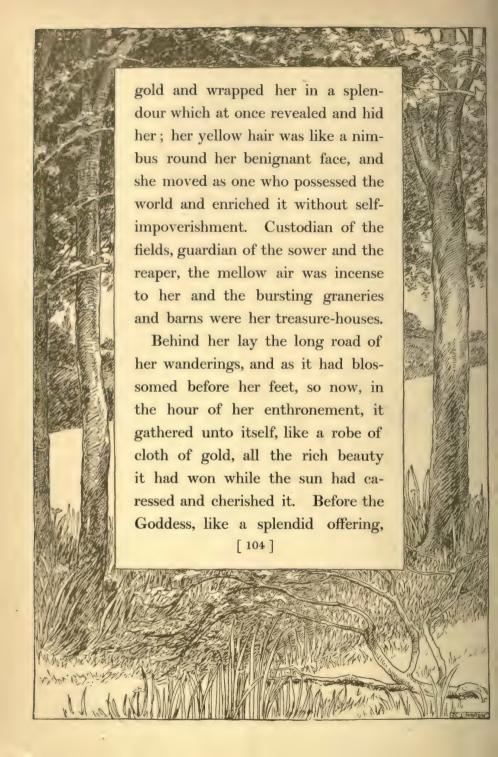


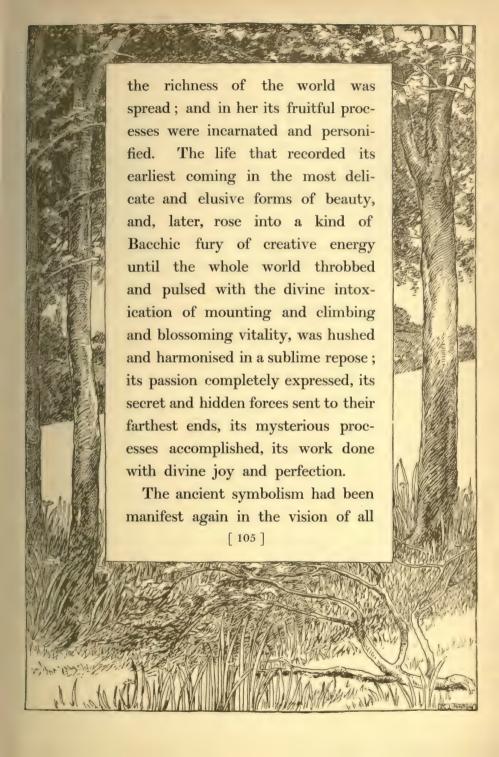
ND for him, as for all who live with Nature, the hour of revelation was not ended; upon the later as upon the earlier years there was to come the breath of the divine. As he walked the stillness seemed to deepen; the voices of reapers and gleaners died into silence; the great barges came to anchorage beside the barns. A hush fell upon the world toward sunset, so akin to that which fills the dim arches and deep aisles of cathedrals that the old man paused, looked thoughtfully over the landscape, and seated himself beside a familiar tree. The air was warm, and moved so gently

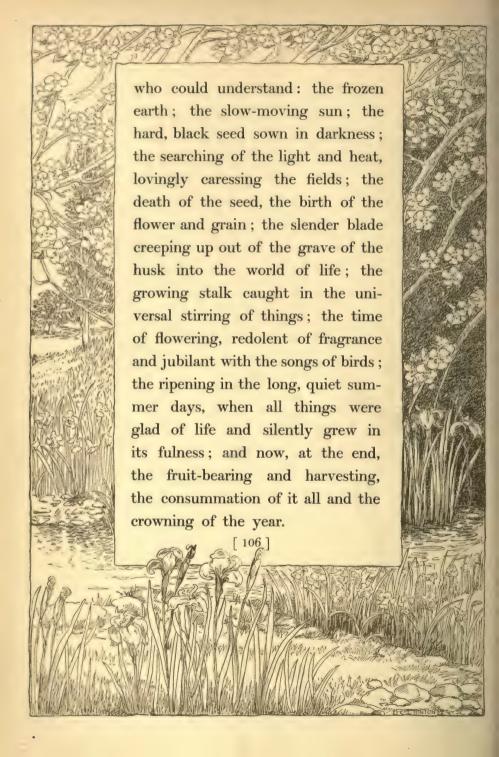
[ 101 ]





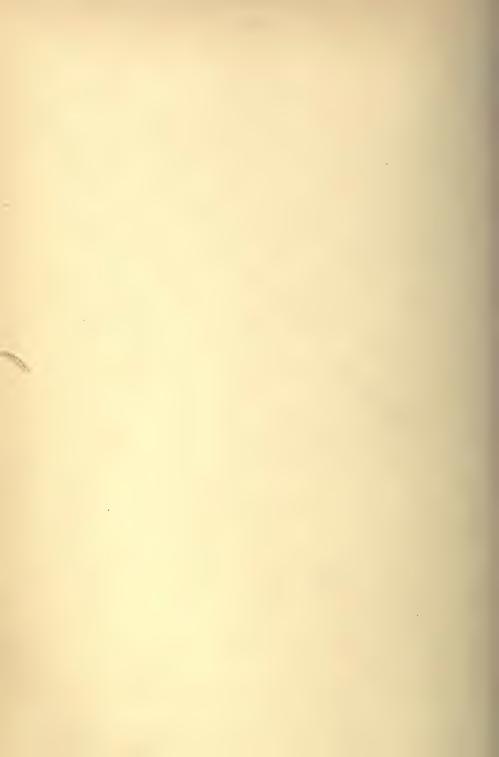


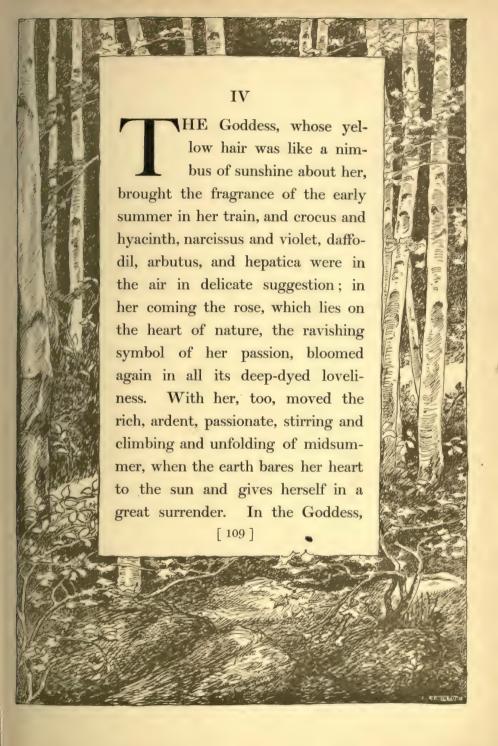


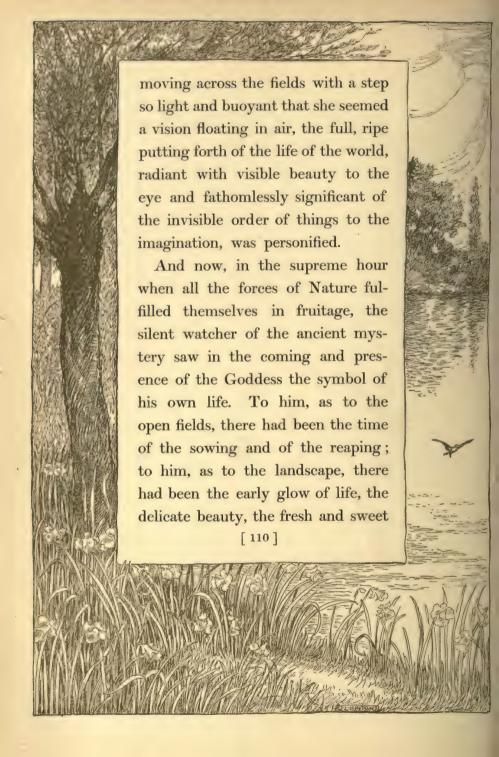


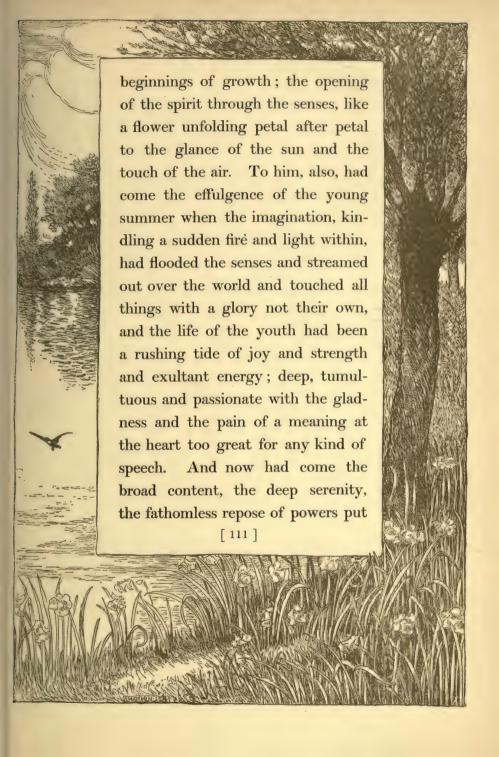


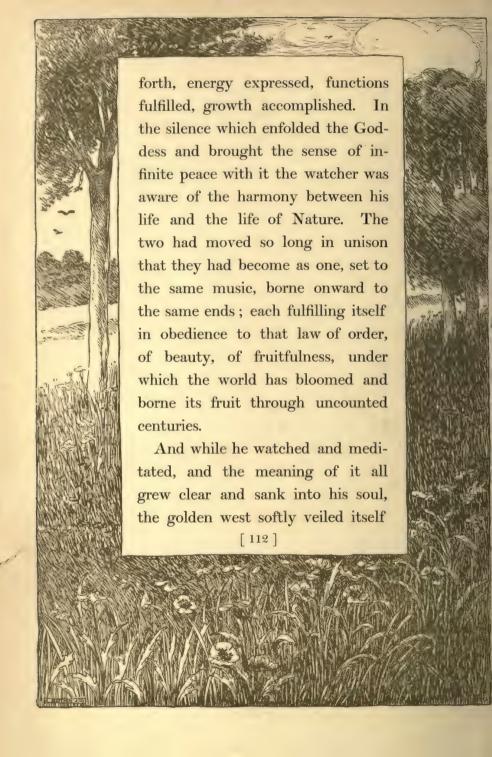
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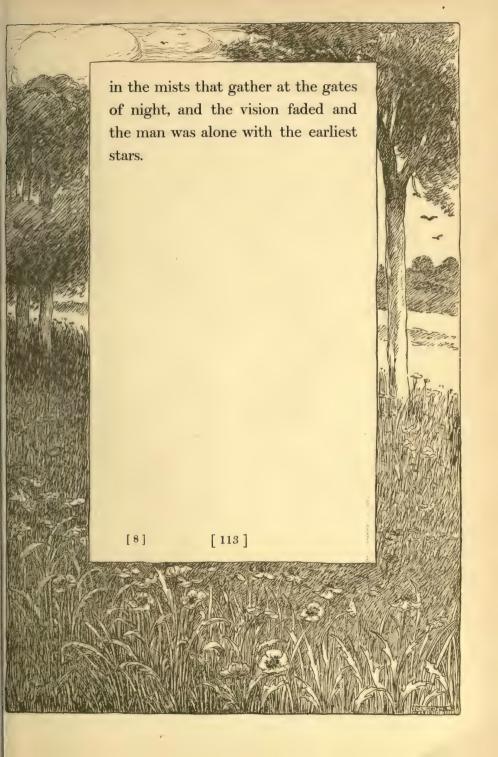










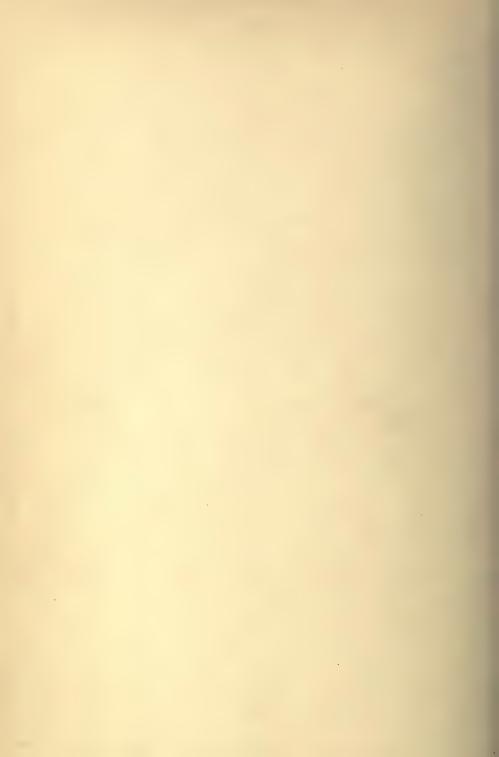






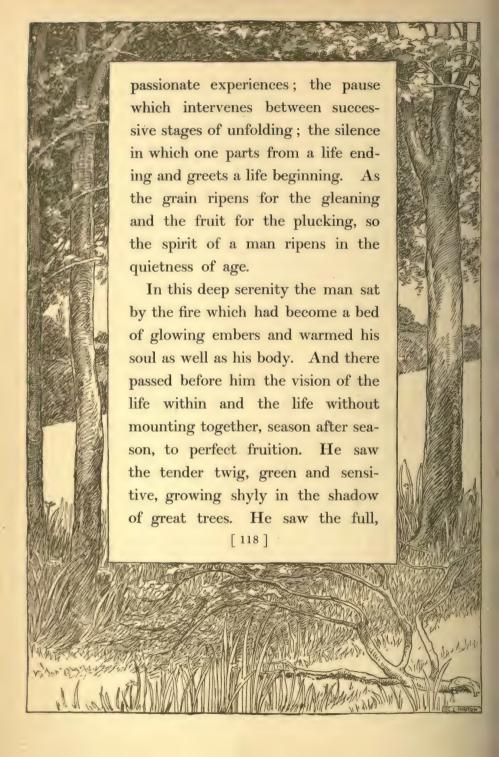
POSTLUDE

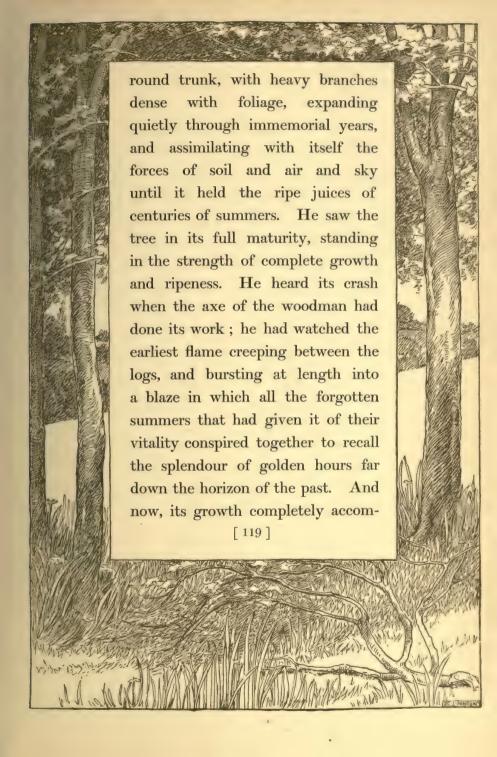
I

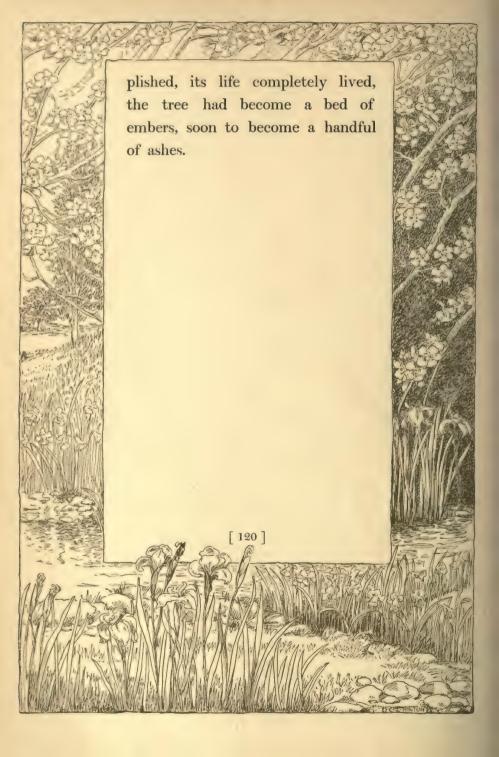


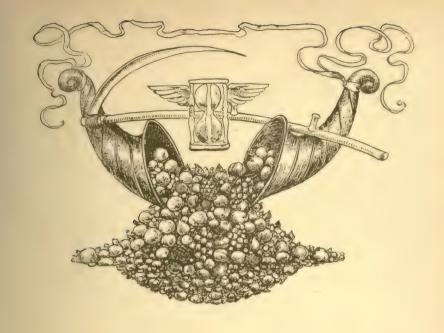
GE had come graciously to the man who sat before the wide hearth. There had been no sudden change, no withering of the affections, no abrupt decline of power; the tide had gone out gently and softly in the hush at the end of the day and left a deep peace behind it. There had been a long ripening, and then a half-realised translation of the physical into spiritual energies; knowledge had deepened into wisdom, and in the cool of the evening there had come that tranquil meditation which distils sweetness out of arduous activities and

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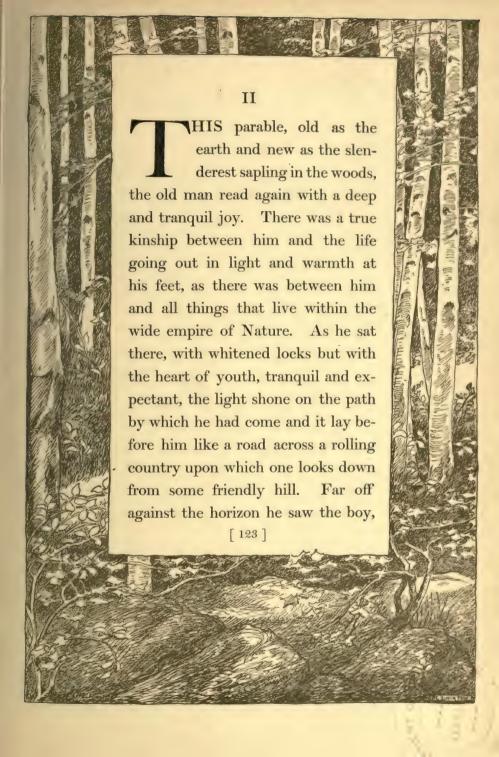


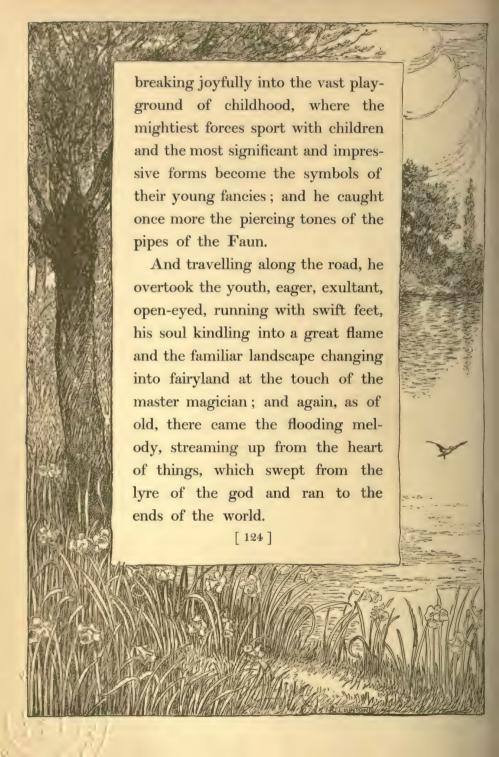




H



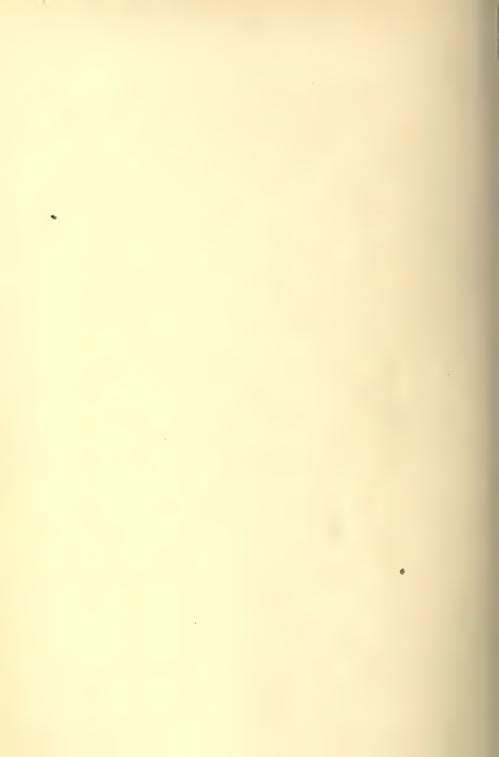


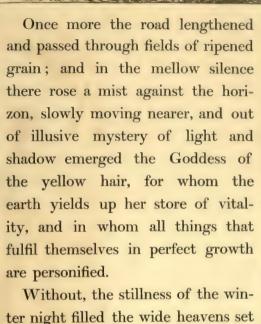




"Without, the stillness of the winter night"







Without, the stillness of the winter night filled the wide heavens set with a thousand stars. The earth was hidden out of sight by a great fall of snow, which had wrought magical changes in the familiar landscape. Long ago the last harvest-field had been gleaned, and

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